IDW

#7 • CVR A

FIALKOV
DOMINGUES
PONCE

BBC

DOCTOR WHO

Written by Joshua Hale Fialkov
Pencils by Horacio Domingues
with Andres Ponce
Inks by Ruben Gonzalez
Colors by Adrian Salmon
Lettering by Shawn Lee
Edited by Denton J. Tipton

Space Oddity, Part 1 of 2

The Doctor is an alien, the last of the powerful Time Lords. He is an intrepid traveller through time and space, armed only with his incredible intelligence and his fix-anything sonic screwdriver. He travels alone except for the human companions he befriends, briefly sharing his life with them and showing them the astonishing wonders of the universe.

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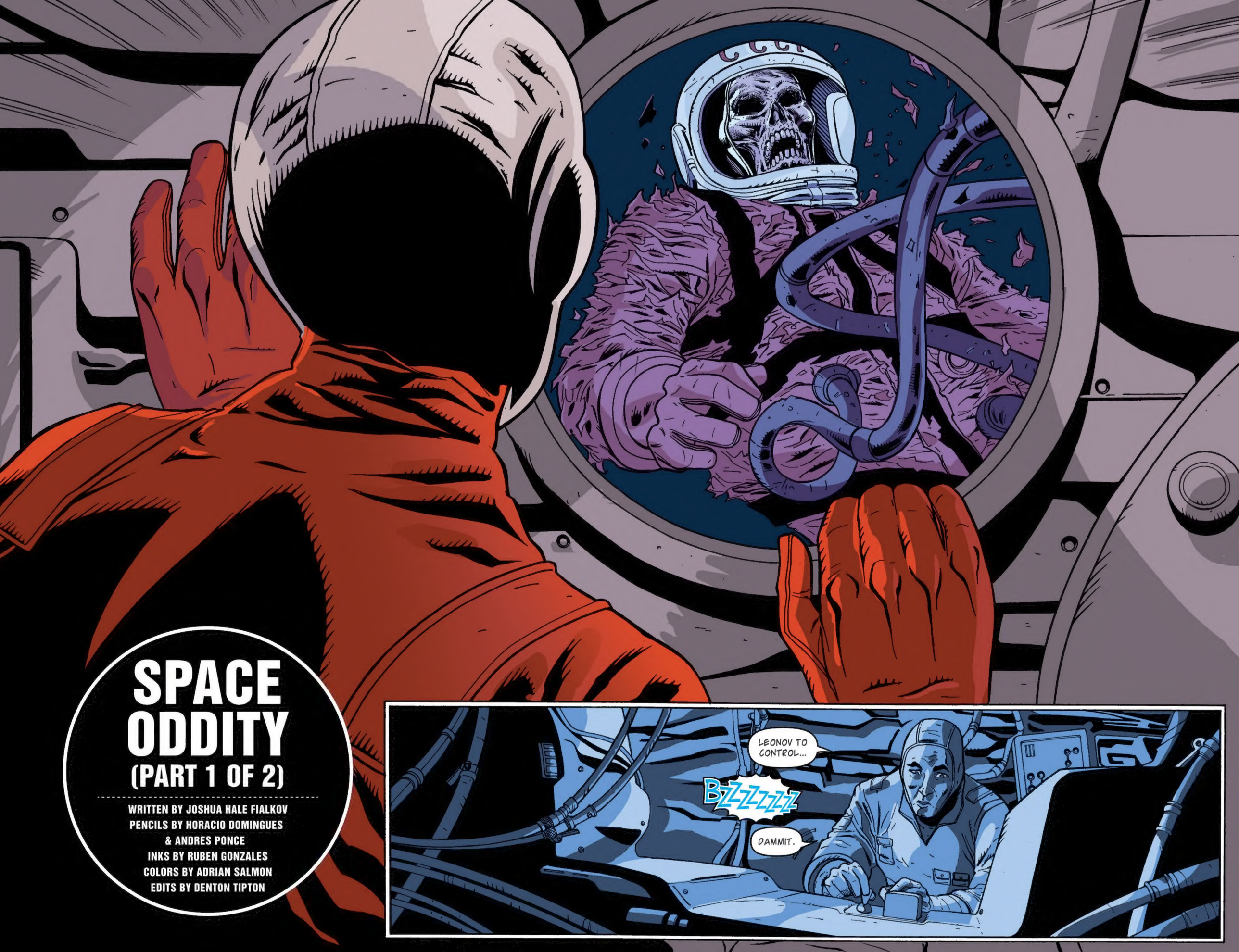
HA!
HAHAHA HAHAHAHA HAHAHA!
EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT OUT THERE?
IT'S... HAHAHA!
AMAZING! THE MOST BEAUTIFUL, WONDERFUL... IT'S A DREAM, ALEXEY!
YOU GET THE NEXT PASS, YES?
TRY AND STOP ME, DMITRI.
THE DARKNESS... MY GOD, THE DARKNESS... I'VE NEVER SEEN THE DARK LIKE THIS.
IT'S AS THOUGH I DISAPPEAR AS THE SUN DRIFTS—
IT'S TIME TO COME IN, DMITRI.
DMITRI?
DMITRI SELONOVICH? STOP SCREWING AROUND.
DO YOU COPY?
DMITRI?!
HA, HA. VERY FUNNY, DMITRI.
OH GOD...



SPACE ODDITY
(PART 1 OF 2)

WRITTEN BY JOSHUA HALE FIALKOV
PENCILS BY HORACIO DOMINGUES & ANDRES PONCE
INKS BY RUBEN GONZALES
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EDITS BY DENTON TIPTON

WORK, DAMN YOU. I NEED HELP UP HERE—
VWORP VWORP VWORP

HELLO!
HELLO, MOSCOW?
NOT REALLY, NO. KNEW A CZAR THERE ONCE. OR WAS THAT IN LENINGRAD? IT IS LENINGRAD STILL, YES?
PLEASE GET OFF THIS LINE.

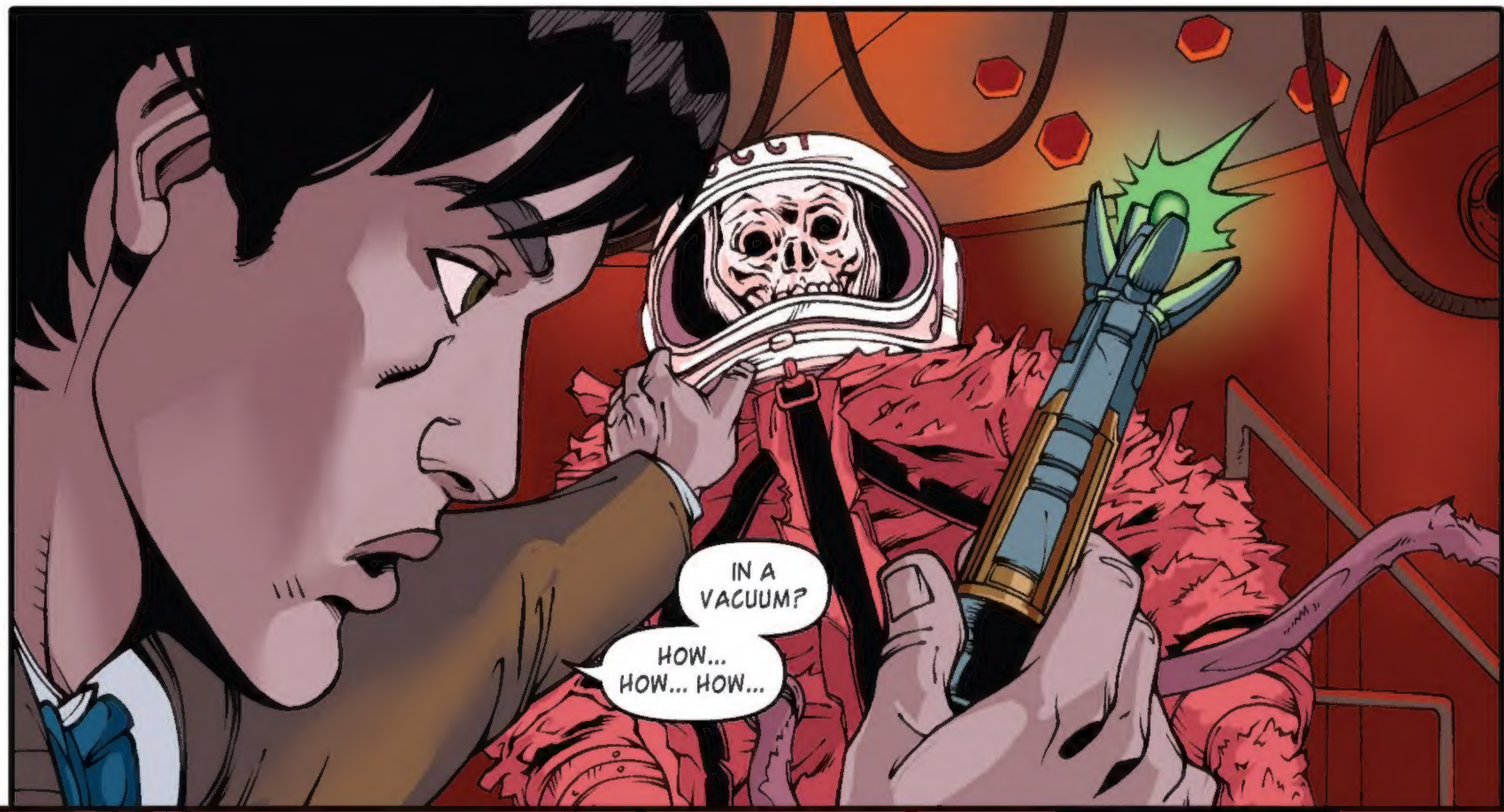
THIS LINE IS DEAD. JUST YOU AND ME UP HERE. FOR NOW ANYWAYS.
MY GOD!
HELLO! I'M THE DOCTOR. AND YOU'RE...
ALEXEY LEONOV.

ALEXEY LEONOV...
FIRST MAN TO WALK IN SPACE! BRILLIANT!
THAT WAS MY COMRADE SELONOVICH...

DIDN'T GO WELL FOR HIM.
WAIT A TICK. VOSTOK 11? THIS FLIGHT WAS CANCELLED. YOU DON'T SPACE WALK UNTIL—
WHAT YEAR IS IT?
1965.

HM. YOU RUSSIANS, ALWAYS MESSING WITH HISTORY.
I WARNED YOU ABOUT STALIN, Y'KNOW, NOBODY LISTENED...
SIR, I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE—

I TOLD YOU, I'M THE DOCTOR.
I HEARD YOUR TRANSMISSION AND THOUGHT I SHOULD CHECK IF EVERYTHING WAS OKAY.
EVERYTHING IS NOT OKAY.

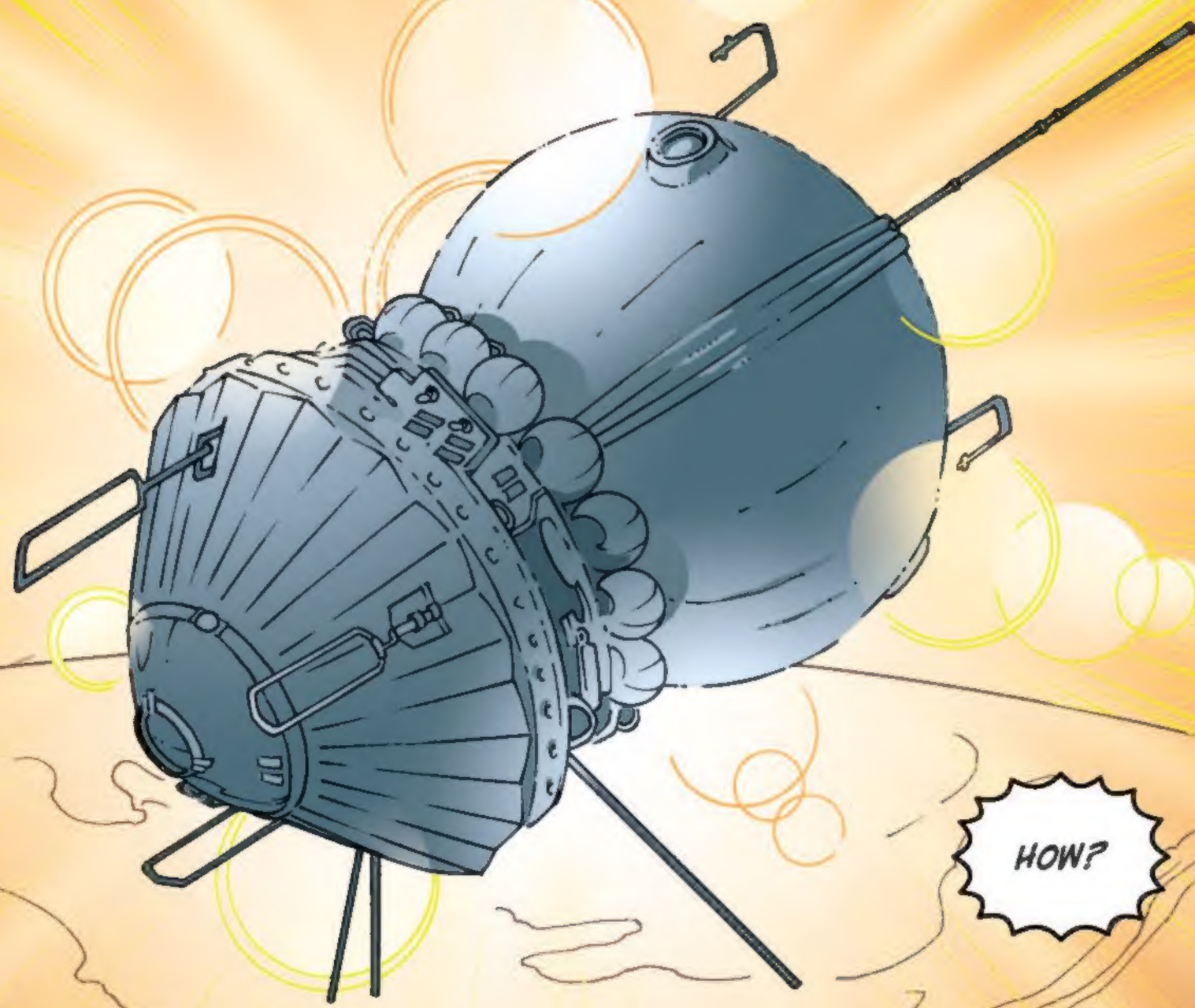

IN A VACUUM?
HOW... HOW... HOW...

TURN ON EVERY LIGHT IN THERE. EVERY SINGLE LIGHT. NO SHADOWS, NO ROOM FOR DARK.
WHAT? WHY?

VASHTA NERADA.
I DON'T—
I KNOW. NOW TURN ON EVERY SINGLE LIGHT IN THAT CAPSULE. NOW!

I DON'T... THERE'S NOT MUCH—
FINE. I'LL DO IT MYSELF.

WHIRRRR


HOW?

I'VE GOT A FIRE IN HERE—

RIGHT. I'M COMING IN.
NO, HOLD ON, I HAVE TO—
HOW—
HELLO, ALEXEY, NICE TO MEET YOU.
YOU'RE... NOT WEARING A SUIT.
NO, I THOUGHT THE BLAZER-AND-BOW-TIE COMBO WAS SMART ENOUGH FOR THE OCCASION.
I MEANT A SPACE SUIT.
I KNOW, ONLY FOOLING. I DON'T NEED ONE. PLUS, THE TARDIS THERE CREATES A PROTECTIVE FORCE FIELD.
YOU WOULDN'T NEED ONE, EITHER.
THIS IS VERY BAD, ALEXEY. VERY BAD. I NEED YOU TO COME WITH ME.

I DON'T...
I CAN'T...

YOU GOT INTO A SMALL HUNK OF SOVIET METAL, STRAPPED YOURSELF TO A ROCKET, AND EXPLODED YOURSELF INTO SPACE.
MY FRIEND, CAN'T IS CLEARLY NOT IN YOUR VOCABULARY.

TOUCHÉ.

MY GOD.

MY. GOD.
WATCH YOUR LANGUAGE, ALEXEY.
WHAT WOULD BREZHNEV SAY?
POLICE
POLICE TELEPHONE
FREE
FOR USE OF
PUBLIC
ADVICE & ASSISTANCE OBTAINABLE IMMEDIATELY
OFFICERS & CARS RESPOND TO ALL CALLS
PULL TO OPEN
ST JOHN AMBULANCE

YOU COSMONAUTS... WONDERFUL. RACING TO THE STARS WITH A PARACHUTE AND A PRAYER.
NEVER IN MY WILDEST DREAMS...

SADLY, THIS DREAM HAS TO END. YOUR SHIP IS DAMAGED TOO BADLY.
IF I'M TO DIE, THERE'S WORSE WAYS TO GO OUT.

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO DIE. NOT TODAY, ANYWAYS.
THIS IS MY SHIP.
YOU'RE JOKING.
NOT ABOUT A SHIP, ALEXEY. NEVER ABOUT A SHIP.

WHAT HAPPENED TO DMITRI?
WHAT WAS THE WORD YOU SAID?
VASHTA NERADA. THEY'RE...
...A SWARM. A FLESH-EATING SWARM OF DARKNESS.

AND IN A FEW MOMENTS, WHEN THE SHADOWS COME BACK, WE'RE GOING TO BE SWALLOWED BY THEM.
I THOUGHT YOU SAID WE WERE PROTECTED?
WE ARE.
I THINK.
I DON'T KNOW, ACTUALLY.
POLICE PUBLIC CALL BOX

EITHER WAY, WE NEED TO GO INSIDE MY SHIP, IMMEDIATELY.
SLAM
OH.

THE DOOR CLOSED ITSELF.
YES.
WHY?
IT WAS PROTECTING ITSELF.

FROM WHAT?
VASHTA NERADA.
RUN.

WE'RE IN THE UPPER ATMOSPHERE, DOCTOR. WHERE DO WE RUN?
TO YOUR CAPSULE. WE HAVE TO GET BACK INSIDE... SEAL IT UP AND WAIT FOR THE NEXT ROTATION.

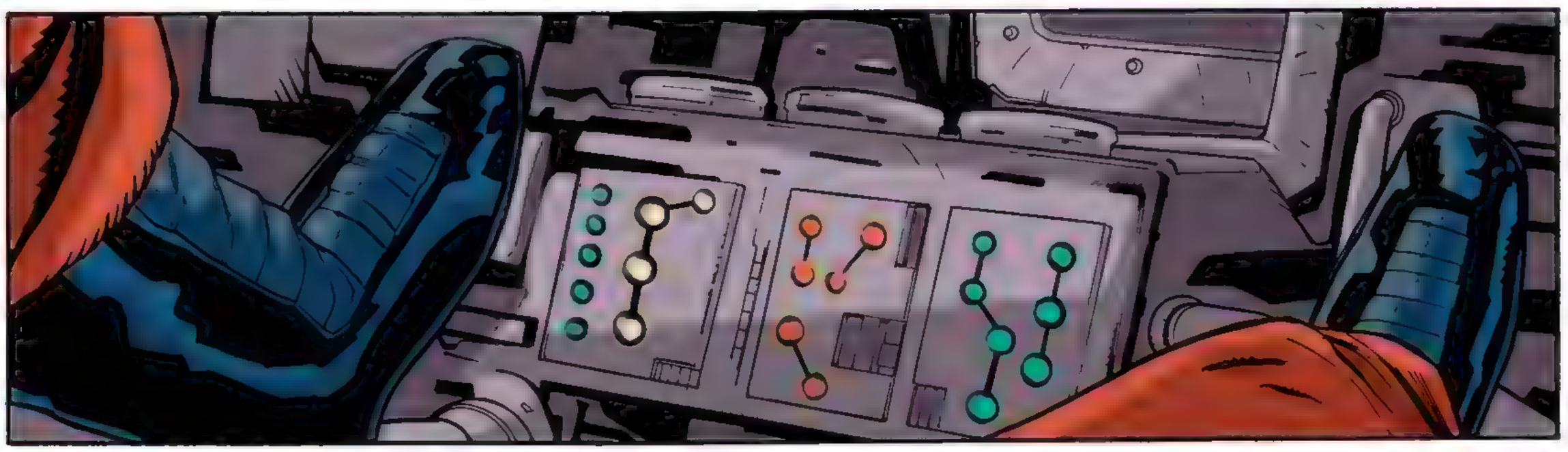
POLICE BOX
MOVE. NOW!

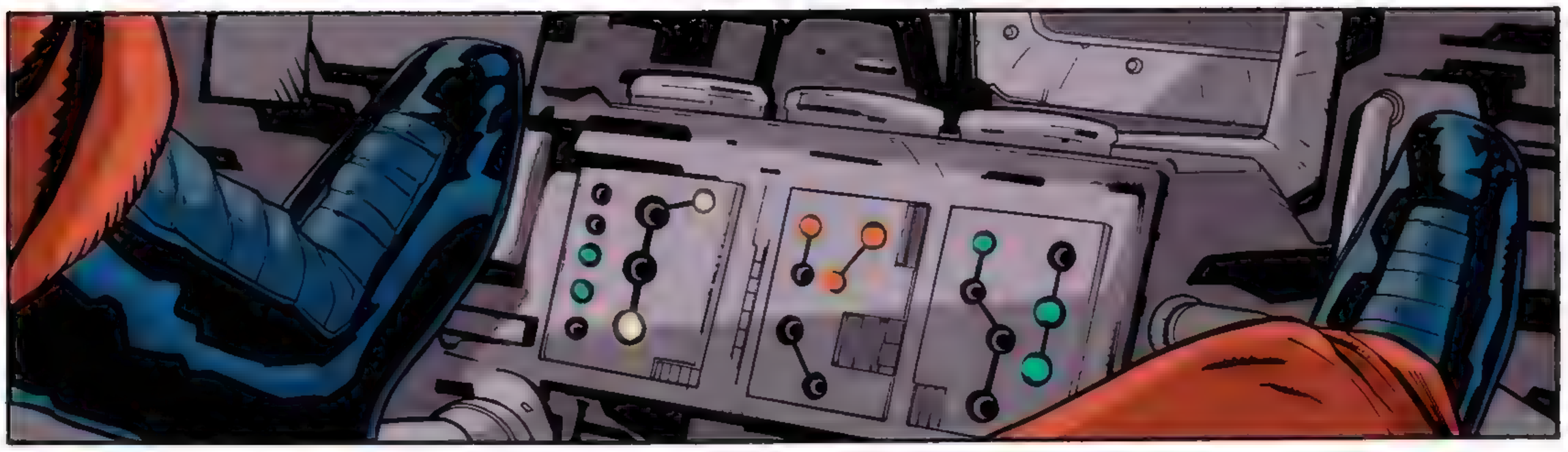
FASTER, FASTER...

COME ON, COME ON...

DOCTOR?
JUST A SECOND...

THE FIRE, IT MUST'VE CAUSED A SHORT... THE LIGHTS—





NO, NO, WE'RE FINE.

OKAY, LET'S SEE HERE.

AH, OKAY, I GOT IT.
YOU UNDERSTAND THE CONTROLS?

ALEXEY, I FLY AROUND IN A BLUE BOX. IF I CAN DO THAT, I CAN FLY A 1960S-ERA SOVIET ROCKET CAPSULE.
BUT THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEANT...

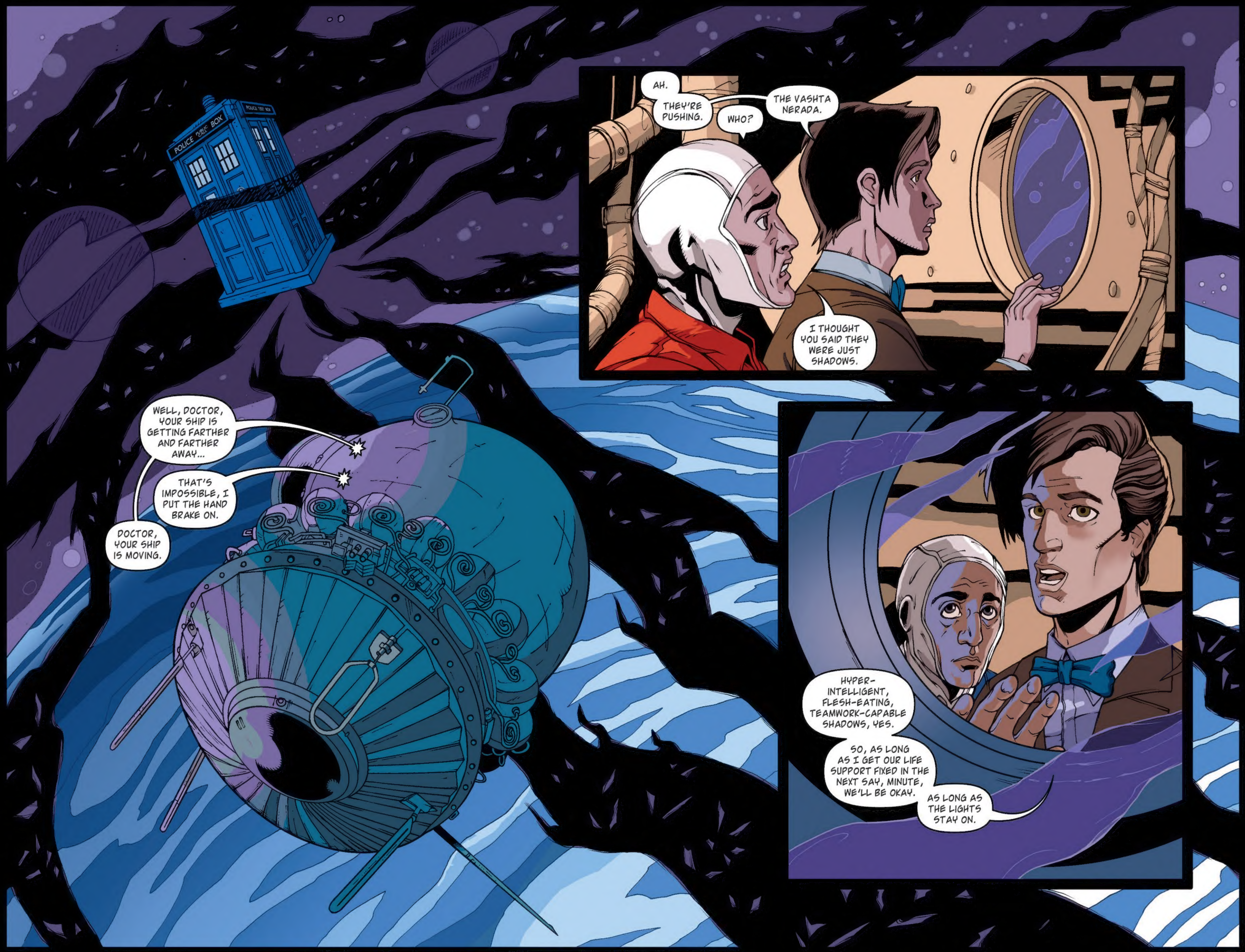
...THE PROBLEM IS THIS. DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS IS CONNECTED TO?

LIFE SUPPORT.
AH. RIGHT. I THOUGHT IT JUST CONTROLLED THE LIGHTS.

I KNOW YOU'RE PROBABLY WORRIED RIGHT NOW, BUT I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT EVERYTHING IS UNDER CONTROL.
I CAN FIX THIS. ALL OF THIS.

YOUR SHIP IS PROVIDING LIFE SUPPORT FOR US, YES?
YEP.

THEN, I HAVE A QUESTION.
OKAY...
WHAT SORT OF RANGE DOES THAT HAVE?
OH... 30 METERS?


POLICE PUBLIC BOX
AH.
THEY'RE PUSHING.
WHO?
THE VASHTA NERADA.
I THOUGHT YOU SAID THEY WERE JUST SHADOWS.
WELL, DOCTOR, YOUR SHIP IS GETTING FARTHER AND FARTHER AWAY...
THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE, I PUT THE HAND BRAKE ON.
DOCTOR, YOUR SHIP IS MOVING.
HYPER-INTELLIGENT, FLESH-EATING, TEAMWORK-CAPABLE SHADOWS, YES.
SO, AS LONG AS I GET OUR LIFE SUPPORT FIXED IN THE NEXT SAY, MINUTE, WE'LL BE OKAY.
AS LONG AS THE LIGHTS STAY ON.

THAT'S—
EXTREMELY BAD?
YES. EXTREMELY.
TO BE CONTINUED!

BBC
DOCTOR WHO
NEXT MONTH: ISSUE #8
CK